



General Certificate of Secondary Education
Higher Tier
June 2013

English/English Language

ENG1H

H

Unit 1 Understanding and producing non-fiction texts

Insert

The three sources that follow are:

- **Source 1:** an online article called *Will turning vegetarian save the planet?*
- **Source 2:** a newspaper article called '*A ticking time bomb*': *Teenage girls' junk food diet leaves them starved of vitamins*
- **Source 3:** an extract from a travel book called *In Search of Olives*

**Please open the insert fully
to see all three sources**

Source 1

theguardian

 Search

[News](#) | [Sport](#) | [Comment](#) | [Culture](#) | [Business](#) | [Money](#) | [Life & Style](#) | [Travel](#) | [Environment](#) | [TV](#)

[Life & Style](#) > [Food & Drink](#)

Will turning vegetarian save the planet?

by Alex Renton

Livestock agriculture - rearing cows, sheep and pigs - produces more greenhouse gas emissions than every train, truck, car and aeroplane put together. So, change people's diets to reduce greenhouse gases and the planet can support more people. In fact, it will quite easily deal with the 9.2 billion at which the population is currently forecast to peak in about 40 years' time.

If the omnivores¹ you convert are the usual guzzlers of cheap mass-produced meat all the better. Because that production is particularly demanding on fossil fuels – for fertiliser, processing, transport and so on.

So, it's better for the planet if you're a vegetarian, right? Lord Stern, who advises the government on climate change, said: "Meat is a wasteful use of water and creates a lot of greenhouse gases. It puts enormous pressure on the world's resources. A vegetarian diet is better."

However, it is argued that the average rich world vegetarian may not consume much less of the planet's resources than the average meat-eater. A report last week for the Worldwide Fund for Nature on the impact of food production pointed out that vegetarian meat substitutes or foods made of imported soya might actually use more land and resources than their beef or dairy equivalents. Deforestation in the developing world to grow cheap soya for human and animal food is a major issue in climate change.

But as a committed meat-eater I have to acknowledge that if I want my grandchildren ever to enjoy a perfect steak I must address my habits now: all this animal munching cannot go on. Meat in the developed world needs to be seen as more of a luxury.

Food is responsible for 30% of the UK's greenhouse gas emissions and a large proportion of that is from livestock farming. The average Briton eats 50 grammes of animal protein a day: a chicken breast or a lamb chop. That's much more than the average person needs for healthy nutrition. The main reason that world food production must rise by 50% in the next 50 years is not the increase in population, but the increase in meat eating as poorer countries develop.

Which is why I am trying to embrace the idea of dropping meat once a week. One day off the red stuff? Not so great a hardship, really. And if you eat local meat, sustainably produced, rather than Brazilian rainforest-fed burgers, that will help. Also, I don't want to see livestock farming disappear - it shaped the countryside we know.

¹omnivore – a person whose diet includes meat

Source 2

‘A ticking time bomb’: Teenage girls’ junk food diet leaves them starved of vitamins

By FIONA MACRAE

A typical teenager probably thinks nothing of a diet packed with pizza, sweets and sugary drinks.

But by that age what they eat is already taking a severe toll on their health, research shows.

Millions of teenagers are dangerously low in key vitamins and minerals, experts have warned – with girls faring worst.

An appetite for junk food is feeding a ‘ticking timebomb’ of disease and ill health, researchers have concluded.

They found teenagers of both sexes were among the biggest guzzlers of salt, alcohol and sugar-laden soft drinks.

At the same time, they shun fruit, vegetables and oily fish. Almost half of teenage girls are dangerously low in iron, magnesium and selenium.

The researchers believe teenagers’ diets are particularly bad because they are starting to feed themselves for the first time, often skip meals and many are starting to experiment with cigarettes, which cut appetite.

In addition, many girls will be on spurious diets which advise cutting out certain foods to keep them slim or their skin glowing.

Carrie Ruxton, an independent nutritionist, and Emma Derbyshire, a nutritionist at Manchester Metropolitan University, crunched together the results of 38 studies into diets and their consequences for health.

They conclude in the journal *Complete Nutrition*: ‘The diet quality of teenagers and young adults is fundamentally important. During this life-phase, dietary requirements may be high due to rapid physical and mental development.

‘Unfortunately, this is often hampered by social factors, body image concerns and the fact that many young people ‘live for the minute’, being unaware of how current diets can affect later health’.



© Thinkstock

There are no texts printed on this page

ACKNOWLEDGEMENT OF COPYRIGHT-HOLDERS AND PUBLISHERS

Permission to reproduce all copyright material has been applied for. In some cases, efforts to contact copyright-holders have been unsuccessful and AQA will be happy to rectify any omissions of acknowledgements in future if notified.

SOURCE 1: Alex Renton *Will turning vegetarian save the planet?* © Guardian News and Media Ltd 2010.

SOURCE 2: Fiona MacRae *'A ticking timebomb': Teenage girls' junk food diet leaves them starved of vitamins.* © Daily Mail 2011.
Image © Thinkstock.

SOURCE 3: Carol Drinkwater *The Olive Route* Weidenfield and Nicolson, an imprint of The Orion Publishing Group, London 2006.

Copyright © 2013 AQA and its licensors. All rights reserved.

Source 3*In Search of Olives*

The writer is travelling on her own around the Mediterranean researching for her book about olive trees. Here she is with her guide, Muhammad, and their driver.

The density of night. The vast expanse of crystal stars glimmering in a flat black sky, like a tarpaulin drawn over us. I loved the desert, its immensity, its silence, save for the wind and the flicking of beasts' tails. But I did not love the frustration I felt towards my guide, Muhammad. Some of the towns we passed through were squalid. The air was almost brittle. I could grind it between my teeth. Diesel belched from lorries and buses. Butchered meat hung in the heat, blackened by flies. In ancient Persia, sesame oil was used as an antibacterial agent. I wondered if that meant anything here. Or were they immune to it? I had eaten no meat since Lebanon.

Occasionally, I called out that I would like to stop, to walk about, take photographs, but Muhammad grew impatient and told his colleague to keep moving. Onwards, penetrating the desert, travelling the roads in the solid old Mercedes, similar to Michel's dusty, blue 1972 model back at the farm. The similarity of the car helped me feel closer to my husband, whom I had not spoken to in days due to impossible telecommunication access. I felt so far from him, so far from my life and all that I held dear. I pined for him, but I was not unhappy. Quite the reverse.

Whenever it was possible, I kept the window open and I felt the wind burning me, drying me up, shrivelling my skin to an old prune. I lived in my thoughts, staring out at the sea of sand. Nothing on the roads until a lorry rattled by, then emptiness again. Occasionally, we drove by a small group squatting in the middle of nowhere. If I waved, they did too. What were they doing? How had they arrived there? Then we would encounter their goats and a donkey, sorry-looking, flea-bitten creatures, flicking sand flies away from their ears, wearied by the journeys they trod.

We passed through another desert town; I never found out its name; where hummocks of watermelon were for sale at the roadsides; where donkeys, cars, carts with long-bearded gnome-like men transporting everything from fruits to fridges jostled for passage; where the streams of women purposefully treading the streets were enfolded in black. Head to foot, nothing exposed, not so much as an eyelash. Muhammad said it would be risky for me to get out of the car. When I pressed for an explanation, he refused.

"Please can we pull over?"

"No." Low-voiced instructions to the man at his side, as though I understood. We inched forward negotiating the shambolic flow of traffic. I was itching to jump from the car.

Carol Drinkwater

There are no texts printed on this page

**Open out this page to see
Source 2 and Source 3**